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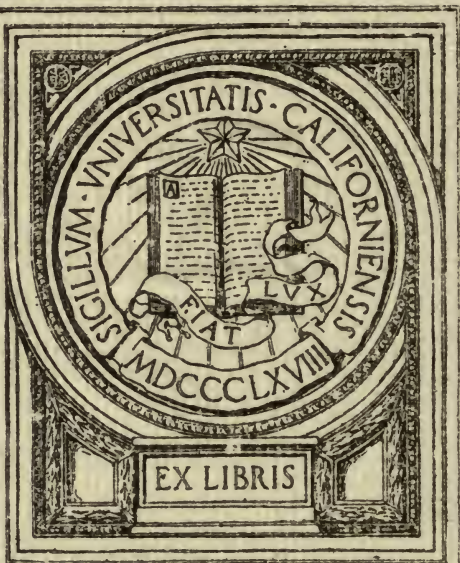


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*The
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Shakespeare the Playmaker

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

“He was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it: his mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received a blot in his paper.”

*From the address of the editors prefixed
to the folio edition of Shakespeare, 1623*

JOHN HEMINGE
HENRY CONDEL

THE BOOK OF
Shakespeare, the Playmaker

WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION BY
TWENTY STUDENTS OF

The University of North Dakota

Under the Direction of
PROFESSOR FREDERICK H. KOCH
of the Department of English



DESIGNED FOR THE
Shakespeare Tercentenary Commemoration
by
The Sack and Buskin Society

For Presentation at
THE BANKSIDE THEATRE
on the Campus of
The University of North Dakota

GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA

JUNE 12 and 13, 1916.

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

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MAIN

TO
FRANK LE ROND McVEY
PRESIDENT OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA
with Appreciation and Affection

Commendatory Verses

Prefixed to the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Works
Published in 1623

"To the memory of my beloved, the author, Master William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.

Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer our drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light."

Ben Jonson

"To the memory of Master W. Shakespeare

We wonder'd, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part:
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite."

I .M. (James Mabbe)

Communal Play Making

Shakespeare, the Playmaker, is a communal masque designed and written by a group of twenty students at the University of North Dakota to commemorate the tercentenary of the death of William Shakespeare.

The idea is original in conception. Perhaps, as our Professor of History express it, when it was first suggested, it is "audacious, but thoroly Elizabethan!" Its aim is to suggest, first, something of the earliest efforts of Shakespeare as an unknown craftsman, and the possible beginnings of his "Players' Scenes" of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It aims, further, to suggest the mature achievement of the playmaker, gathering from returning voyagers wondrous tales of new-found lands beyond the sea, and translating them into a magical play, *The Tempest*—a play embodying the poet's own vision of the new world of America.

In manner of composition, likewise, the idea is original. The same unique plan of communal authorship by which *A Pageant of the North-West* was composed two years ago, has been followed in the preparation of *Shakespeare, the Playmaker*. It marks another contribution to the new pageantry of the people, and suggests a still further development of coöperative authorship in making community drama. It has reassured us that literary as well as histrionic talent may be cultivated by a group of earnest workers, that not only can the people participate as actors in a community play, but, by collaboration under proper leadership, can actually *create* a drama democratic—a new art-form of the people, embodying their own interpretation of life.

But this form of democratic composition is not new; it suggests the very beginnings of literature, and foreshadows, perhaps, a revival of native amateur art. It evolves a remarkable working together, and a result enriched with as many viewpoints as there are writers. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the artistic unity which may come out of such composite authorship—compelling rhythm of color and sound, of sunlight and shadow, mellowed into poetry, native amateur poetry of genuine appeal.

It may be well for us to remember in our Tercentenary Commemoration that Shakespeare was indeed the consummation of centuries of experimentation by the people, the fulfillment, after all the years, of the amateur spirit in England striving thru generation after generation to perfect itself at length in his timeless poetry.

Indeed, Shakespeare's own vision of the amateur America of today is reflected in the words of his "admired Miranda," in *The Tempest*, the play with which our masque is chiefly concerned:

"O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in't!"

Perhaps our communal strivings of today promise much toward a democratization of the drama, an outflowering from the soil of our "brave new world," of an art truly of the people—a new kingdom of humanity in the drama.

FREDERICK H. KOCH

Department of English,

University of North Dakota

Shakespeare, the Playmaker

The chief aim of the nation-wide celebration of the tercentenary of William Shakespeare is the restoration of his work to the people. In making the present masque, the second contribution of the University of North Dakota to communal drama, our point of view thruout has been to represent him as the playmaker and poet of the people. Such purpose will, we trust, be sufficient excuse for the freedom we have allowed ourselves in the use of the materials. A brief explanation concerning the method of work may be of interest.

Whatever has been accomplished is the result of the fine enthusiasm and the untiring effort of all the co-partners in the work. The text was written in collaboration by twenty of our students whose names appear on a subsequent page. Some wrote for the first part, others for the second part, some contributed to both parts. One group contributed verse only. Everywhere in the text there is genuine collaboration in the writing, and, as director, I have carefully avoided offering my own phrasing at any time. The words of the masque are truly of the students. They have bubbled up from the well-springs of amateur inspiration, and the function of the director has been always not to superimpose, but to draw forth and lead. The entire product is genuinely communal, everywhere there is overlapping in the work. The prolog, for instance, was composed jointly by three different persons, and thruout there has been a remarkable willingness on the part of each to work for the harmony of the whole. Thus the entire composition has gained much from the various points of view, or, as one of our amateur writers whimsically phrased it,

"If you can see the world with me,
And I can see the world with you,
I'm sure that both of us will see
Things that neither of us do."

The story of the masque is in two parts, the chief scenes from *The Tempest* being staged as the culmination of the second part. The prolog, the interlude, and the epilog, are spoken by an aged seer, an astrologer, with an attending chorus of stars, symbolizing a new heaven and a new earth for Elizabethan England.

In the first scene at Greenwich Castle on the river Thames, Queen Elizabeth enters on her royal barge. She is welcomed by the country folk with rustic entertainment improvised for the occasion. The chief feature is a play devised by a then unknown player, but

recently come to London, Will Shakespeare. This portion of the masque is designed to suggest a possible origin for the Players' Scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The time is 1588, on the eve of the coming of the much heralded Spanish Armada. It is a tense moment in the life of the English people. Beneath the surface of levity and merriment runs the deep undercurrent of loyalty to their queen, and the hatred of the foreigner. The insolence of the departing Spanish ambassador is used to reveal the rare self-restraint of the queen, and her maddening nonchalance in the stress of national peril.

The second division of the masque represents the full fruition of England's national life many years later. Shakespeare has now become the master playmaker, and is represented as gathering the materials for one of his plays from the colorful pageant of a May Fair at Gravesend. In introducing William Strachey with his vivid narrative of the terrific tempest from which he barely escaped, we have dramatized as an actual scene in Shakespeare's life what is generally thought to have given him the initial idea of the shipwreck scene and the creation of Ariel in *The Tempest*. The wondrous tales of returned voyagers, and an Indian painting of the mythical monster, Piasa, displayed by a sailor, suggest to his mind a magical island peopled with prodigious shapes and strange sprites. This monster, Piasa, together with native American Indians, introduced into the scene, serves to indicate a possible origin of his Caliban, a primitive being in a world hitherto unknown. Shakespeare is appropriately identified with the part of Prospero, since both are master magicians in the realm of imagination. The entire conception is designed to portray Shakespeare's interpretation of the New World.

The work in spite of all impediments we have found altogether refreshing; the versatile creative spirit of Shakespeare's own time we have felt present with us.

F. H. K.

The Direction of the Masque

DIRECTOR OF THE MASQUE

Professor Frederick H. Koch

DIRECTORS OF THE PRODUCTION

Professor John Adams Taylor

Miss Ethel E. Halcrow

Mrs. Marguerite Myrben

DIRECTOR OF THE STAGE

Miss Nella Kingsbury

DIRECTOR OF HISTORICAL MATERIALS

Professor O. G. Libby

DIRECTORS OF MUSIC

Professor W. W. Norton

Professor Paolo Conte

DIRECTOR OF DANCING

Miss Esther Pike

DIRECTOR OF COSTUMING

Mrs. A. G. Leonard

DIRECTOR OF CONSTRUCTION

Professor A. J. Becker

DIRECTOR OF LIGHTING

Professor J. Floyd Stevens

GENERAL ADVISER

Professor Vernon P. Squires

The Composers of the Masque

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Miss Bertha M. Brainard	Mr. Lars Rue
Miss Ethel E. Halcrow	Miss Merle Rutherford
Mr. B. Melvin Johnson	Miss Hester Sparling
Miss Catherine M. McCusker	Miss Alberta Taylor

THE MINOR WRITERS

Mr. Oscar A. Bondelid	Mr. Rudolph H. Gjelsness
Mr. Lester S. Chidlaw	Miss Elizabeth V. Kelly

THE POETRY

Mr. Cecil McKay	Mr. B. Melvin Johnson
Mr. John F. Como	Mr. Arthur D. Williams
Miss Beulah Bomstead	Miss Nellie B. Whitcher
Mr. Ewart Dudley	Miss Catherine M. McCusker

THE MUSIC

Mr. Paolo Conte

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Professor Edward B. Stephenson	Miss Merle Rutherford
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Professor E. F. Chandler	Professor E. B. Stephenson
Professor C. C. Schmidt	Professor L. D. Bristol

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Miss Kathleen Flynn	Miss Gertrude Healy
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Mr. E. H. Wilcox	Mr. Cuyler Anderson

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Miss Dora McBride	Miss Florence Nugent

BOOK COMMITTEE

Professor A. J. Ladd, Chairman

Mr. Lyle M. Bittinger	Professor George R. Davies
Miss Catherine M. McCusker	Miss Ethel E. Halcrow

The Players of the Masque

THE HERALDS ----- Professor George P. Jackson,
Arnold Forbes, John Lundy.

THE PROLOG, THE INTERLUDE, AND THE EPILOG

THE ASTROLOGER ----- William H. Greenleaf

THE CHORUS OF STARS ----- Elsie Rohde
Jennie Gale, Opal Martyn, Maude Cummings, Reba Rawson,
Agnes Hassel, Stella Hoskins, Alice Brunsvold,
Florence Healy, Agnes Moe.

THE FIRST PART

SHAKESPEARE ----- B. Melvin Johnson

QUEEN ELIZABETH ----- Florence Gallup

SEÑOR MENDOZA ----- Harry Schwam

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE ----- Benjamin F. Sherman

LORD HOWARD ----- Oscar A. Bondelid

LORD LEICESTER ----- John Hesketh

SIR WALTER RALEIGH ----- Harold Wylie

SIR MARTIN FROBISHER ----- Percy Johnson

SIR JOHN HAWKINS ----- William Boyce

LORD CECIL ----- Robert Lowe

SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM ----- Frank Heming

THE USHER OF THE BLACK ROD ----- Alex Lindstrom

THE CHIEF STEWARD ----- Wesley Johnston

THE JESTER ----- S. Cuyler Anderson

THE FIRST MERCHANT ----- Ray McGavin

THE SECOND MERCHANT ----- Rudolph Gjelsness

THE FIRST SAILOR ----- Russell E. Danforth

WILLIAM NACK, THE TINKER (Pyramus) ----- Lyle M. Bittering

FRANCIS PEER, THE GLOVER (Thisbe) ----- Porter Talcott

TOMMY SLATS, THE BLACKSMITH (Wall) ----- Alvin Johnson

ALAMON, THE EMBALMER (Moon) ----- Howard DeLong

STAR, THE BAKER (Lion) ----- Herman Kneupfer

THE LADIES-IN-WAITING ----- Ruth Templeton

Grace Kolars.

THE PAGE TO THE QUEEN ----- Janet McVey

THE SAILORS ----- Joseph Boyd,

Deane Brooke, Henry Cottam.

THE GLOVERS	Lester Cole, Lloyd Dale, Clarence Knudson, John Lambe.
THE BLACKSMITHS	Herbert Nilles, Fred Mann, Henry Murphy, Smith Taylor.
THE TINKERS	Fred Moore, Elmer Ellenson, Arthur Jackson, Lawrence Nicholson.
THE BAKERS	Melvin Anderson Don Goodman, Neil Duncan, Frank Burns.
TONY HEMPSEED, THE VILLAGE CRIER	Harold Bertelson
THE QUEEN'S WATERMEN	Lyle Helmkey Edwin Griess.
THE GENTLEMAN PENSIONERS	Ellwood Patterson, Ray Green, James Cosgriff, Duane Sarles.
THE EMBALMER'S WIFE	Nellie Whitcher
THE MERCHANTS' WIVES	Mildred McIntosh, Maude Woods.
THE GLOVERS' WIVES	Grace Swank, Blanch Heath, Mary Barnes, Blanche Moen, Helen Tombs.
THE BLACKSMITHS' WIVES	Margaret Welch, Edna Roadhouse, Katherine Allen, Mabel Hay, Mabel Davies.
THE TINKERS' WIVES	Erma Robertson, Margaret McLean, Lucille Bennett, Mabel Thompson, Mildred Thompson.
THE BAKERS' WIVES	Bernice Clark, Marie Meisch, Bernice Church, Esther Jack, Marion Spicer.
THE CHILDREN	Jessie Fuller, Helen Brush.

THE SECOND PART

SHAKESPEARE	B. Melvin Johnson
BEN JONSON	Herbert Metzger
WILLIAM STRACHEY	George Swarstad
SIR THOMAS GATES	Oscar Bondelid
JOHN OXENHAM	Walter L. Nelson
JOHN HOLDSWORTH	Harry Schwam
WILL SPENCER	Harold Wylie
THE YOUNG TOWNSMEN	Howard Flint, Cuyler Anderson, Joseph Snowfield.
THE MAYOR	John Rohwedder
THE OLD MAN	John Hesketh

THE TAPSTER	Paul Shorb
TOM OF BEDLAM	Porter Talcott
JOHN GRAHAM, THE PURITAN	Soren J. Rasmussen
THE BALLAD MONGER	Howard DeLong
THE PUPPET MASTERS	Harry Read,
Cecil Lynch.	
THE CONSTABLES	Alvin Johnson,
Lloyd H. Fox.	
THE INDIANS	Marchebenus (Flying Eagle),
Temoweneni (Little Boy).	
(Full-blooded Chippewas from the Turtle Mountain	
Reservation)	
THE INTERPRETER	Mr. Wellington Salt
(From the Turtle Mountain Reservation)	
THE BAGPIPER	Dr. W. C. Wilson
THE MINSTRELS OF THE MAYOR—	
FERREX	Dr. John Brundin
PIRETTO, CHEVERETTE	Oscar Bondelid
ROBIN HOOD	James Stephenson
LITTLE JOHN	Harold Bertelson
WILLIAM STUKELY	Harold Collins
FRIAR TUCK	Frank Talcott
JACK-IN-THE-GREEN	Fred Wagner
MUCH, THE CLOWN	Bryan Clark
THE HOBBY-HORSE	Herman Kneupfer
THE DRAGON	Karl Holler
THE ALCHEMIST	Lester Chidlaw
THE JUGGLER	Vernon McCutcheon
THE PASTRY COOKS	George Drowley,
George Haynes.	
THE WITCH	Mildred Noltimier
MAID MARIAN	Alberta Taylor
HER ATTENDANTS	Merle Rutherford,
Alma Olson, Dora McBride, Jean Lenentine.	
THE GYPSIES	Florence Nugent,
Edna Smith, Mabel LaFave.	
THE MILKMAIDS	Edna Mares,
Cecil Moen, Hortense Monroe, Marie Hall,	
Margaret Glasgow.	
THE FORESTERS	Frank Putnam,
Neil Duncan, Fred Ferguson, Leonard Cobb,	
Amon Flaten, Ted Wardwell.	

THE MORRIS DANCERS	Hassel Halverson, Arthur Hjortland, Ray Green, Herley Gayman, Deane Brooke, James Cosgriff.
THE FARMERS	Fred Wardwell, Kirk Bale, John Hennemuth.
THE FARMERS' WIVES	Kathleen Cowan, Myrtle Halgren, Ione Beardsley.
THE SAILORS	Gerald Brennan, Orval McHaffie, Edwin Gass.
THE CHIMNEY SWEEPS	Lloyd Dale, Guy Hilleboe.
THE CHILDREN	Margaret Libby, Margaret Gillette, Winifred Davis, Marjorie Wilkerson, Frank McVey, Duane Squires, Alden Squires.
THE TOWN LADIES	Majel Chase, Helen Lynch.
THE TOWN GENTLEMEN	Grover Holt, Charles Teel.
THE EARTH SPIRITS	Marguerite O'Connor, Ruth Soule, Marie Sattler, Margaret Meredith, Madge Arnold, Marion Torgerson.

THE TEMPEST

PROSPERO	B. Melvin Johnson
STEPHANO	Lyle M. Bittering
TRINCULO	Thurman Thompson
CALIBAN	Benjamin F. Sherman
FERDINAND	Herman Wolff
MIRANDA	Harriet Mills
ARIEL	Agnes O'Connor
JUNO	Gertrude Healy
CERES	Elaine Baldwin
IRIS	Alma Olson
SYCORAX	Eleanor Healy

THE PROMPTERS ----- Catherine M. McCusker and Esther Cole

Shakespeare, the Playmaker

The Masque is announced by three trumpet calls from the Heralds

The Prolog

*Enter the Astrologer, an aged man carrying a celestial sphere,
attended by a Chorus of Stars*

THE CHORUS OF STARS

Fancy, fancy, sprite divine,
What a magic power is thine!
Thine to bring the distant nigh,
Thine to lift our thoughts on high,
Fancy, fancy, heavenly power,
Grant thy presence for an hour.

THE ASTROLOGER

O that this palsied tongue could grasp the thoughts
That glow within the fire of one great mind;
And seize them, hurl them broadcast, far and wide,
Enkindling embers, lighting fires anew,
Until the landscape glow with Shakespeare's fame,
As glow the harvest bonfires of the plain
Against the somber dark of earth and sky.
Then should the sluggish, deadened souls of men
Leap to a blaze. But pardon, good folk all,
If our ambition far exceed our power.
We can but strive; you, too, must act the part,
Your own imagination be your slave
And aid you to interpret.

Here behold

Fair Greenwich, with its people gathered all
To meet Elizabeth,—the Empire queen.
Before her gorgeous court a play is staged
The tragic tale of Pyramus and Thisbe,
Written for rude mechanics who mar it so
That tragedy gives place to comedy.
Next see that furious dupe from Philip's court
Repulsed by England's queen; he in defiance
Admitting his defeat, embarks for Spain
To fling upon the seas the anger of his king.
Meanwhile amid these everchanging scenes

Moves Shakespeare, a beginner at his craft,
Gathering the varied strands of human life
Into his wondrous web of poesy.

THE CHORUS OF STARS

Fancy, fancy, sprite divine,
What a magic power is thine!
Thine to make the past alive,
Thine to make all beauty thrive,
Fancy, fancy, heavenly power,
Grant thy presence for an hour!

THE ASTROLOGER

And then behold a change! A score of years
Glide in a twinkling by. See Shakespeare, now
A master of his art, at Gravesend Fair
Still gathering threads of fancy and of fact
To weave that lovely tapestry of verse
The Tempest, to which his own prophetic gaze
Looks out across the rolling deep, to this
Fair continent, America, wherein
A newborn race shall rise to praise his name
After three centuries. Such is the spirit
Of the hour, and if we do but give
Some thoughts to seek your pleasure's company
We are content. 'Tis thinking makes life larger,
As playing fills it up; but to find
A grain of truth in fairy nothingness
Is bliss, and gives to play a new dimension.

THE CHORUS OF STARS

Fancy, fancy, sprite divine,
What a magic power is thine!
Thine to give us visions fair,
Thine to solace toil and care,
Fancy, fancy, heavenly power,
Grant thy presence for an hour!

The First Part

TIME: *The Summer of 1588, the eve of the Armada.*

SCENE: *Greenwich, a quay on the Thames, and a portion of the old Kent road, near the Castle.*

Preparations have been made to welcome Queen Elizabeth at the quay on her return from London. A temporary throne has been erected at the right, and a partially decorated arch marks the landing place of the royal party.

A group of sailors, a jester, a number of tradesmen, and the village folk enter. The sailors join gayly with the villagers in a lively dance, while the merchants and their wives look gravely on with evident enjoyment. A representative of each of the trade guilds of the village is to take part in the play "Pyramus and Thisbe" before the Queen. They now enter, escorted by their respective guilds: William Nack, costumed as Pyramus, accompanied by the tinkers; Francis Pier, arrayed as Thisbe, with the glovers; Tommy Slats, the Wall, with the blacksmiths; Starr, wrapped in a lion skin, with the bakers; Alamon, the embalmer, as Moonshine; and Tony Hempseed, the village crier.

A company of merry girls, their arms filled with garlands, enter and decorate the arch and throne. More villagers enter. Among them is Shakespeare, who at this time is about twenty-four years of age. He watches the scene with youthful enthusiasm and interest. The Chief Stewart of the castle bustles in, very conscious of his own importance. A huge bunch of keys hangs from his girdle, and he carries a very large pen and scroll.

The Jester dances merrily down the center of the stage, singing.

THE JESTER

Oh ho, oh ho! the Queen is coming, the Queen is coming to-day!

The Chief Steward advances down stage and turns to address the towns-people who have gathered at the back of the stage, left. As he is about to speak, the girls hurriedly finish their decorating and hasten to join the group of villagers. The Jester mingles in the crowd, successfully endeavoring to distract attention from the steward's orders.

THE STEWARD

Come, come, we'll have an end of foolishness. Are all acquainted with the words of our song?

THE VILLAGERS

Aye, that we be!

THE JESTER

Forsooth, and have not the verses been posted in the Boar's Head this many a day?

The Steward signals for silence, and directs the song, using his quill as a baton.

THE VILLAGERS

Song: God save Britannia's queen;
God save her majesty
Bless e'en the earth beneath her feet

A burst of laughter, occasioned by the Jester's imitation of the Steward, interrupts.

Bless this her isle, her royal seat,
Let all who hear her name repeat,
God save her majesty.

ALAMON, THE EMBALMER

To the Steward

Hark ye, Master Steward, my wife doth have a goodly singing voice—let her then sing this verse alone with the other folk for chorus. (*To his wife*) Come, Mistress Prudence, and show what thou canst do.

THE STEWARD

Impatiently

Good people, we must needs proceed. The time is short.
God save Britannia's Queen,
God save her majesty—

THE STEWARD

And now the chorus. Tony Hempseed, 'twill go better without your roaring.

Tony Hempseed retires, crestfallen, but when the singing begins again, it is evident that Hempseed's inharmonious roaring has covered a multitude of lesser harmonic sins, so at a sign from the Steward he again joins in.

This thronéd isle, this home of kings,
This land where laughter ever rings,
Where every Echo loudly sings,
God save her Majesty.

At the conclusion of the song, the Steward consults his scroll with great ado, and raises his hand for silence.

THE STEWARD

And now for the play! Has each come garnished in his proper dress as was instructed?

Those who are to present the play step forward and bow awkwardly.

THE STEWARD

Then go where you will make your entrances.

The players look about in bewilderment

THE JESTER

And where do be their entrances?

THE STEWARD

Pointing to right entrance

There, behind the throne your entrances and exits shall be made.

THE JESTER

Ah, woe is me! For then forsooth the lion will frighten the queen's fair dames.

SHAKESPEARE

Who has been very unobtrusive until this time, approaches the Steward and speaks most courteously.

Were it not better your entrances be there?

Pointing to left entrance

THE FIRST MERCHANT

Well said, and true.

THE STEWARD

'Tis not well said. None but myself shall decide the setting of this spectacle. Back, thou saucy rogue!

Sir Francis Drake and Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, enter at this moment. Sir Francis Drake is a man of middle age, small in stature, but strong-limbed and broad-

ched, with a reddish beard, and brown hair. The Earl of Northampton is forty-eight years of age; his face indicates the manner of man he is, a flattering courtier. They are followed by Lord Hunsdon, Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Martin Frobisher, the Usher of the Black Rod, and several Gentlemen Pensioners.

The villagers, recognizing Sir Francis Drake, shout, "Sir Francis Drake! hail Sir Francis Drake!"

Sir Francis Drake acknowledges their welcome with a bow and turns at once to the Steward.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Why such angry tones on so merry an occasion?

THE STEWARD

Apologetically, for he is speaking to a superior

That knave hath interrupted our plans to set a play for our gracious Queen.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

To Shakespeare

How now?

SHAKESPEARE

Mildly

I did but suggest that 'twere better to set the scene here with entrances beyond, than to have the actors approach Her Majesty from behind the throne. 'Twas in the hope to add more pleasure to the excellent display.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Sound reason, Master,—and how are you more pointedly called?

SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare, sir.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

With a smile

Small wonder that your words transfix us, since they come of a quivering weapon.

THE STEWARD

Grudgingly, to Shakespeare

An you be then that Master Shakespeare who did write our play, your words may have some value.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

As for these arrangements, the actors themselves shall say.

Addressing the players

Will you approach her majesty from behind the throne or will you burst upon her vision like the sun from out a cloud?

THE PLAYERS

Burst! Let us burst!

THE JESTER

Slyly

Aye, marry, and the Armada come, we may all be busted.

SHAKESPEARE

Nay, fool, not all, only the great 'tis given to be statued.

Turning to Drake

But of this Armada—what tidings are abroad? 'Tis four years now since we first did hear of her.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Oh, she is grown since then, for by our Lady, the four small boats are to an hundred swelled. Nor are they small, but all are galleons of the best that Spain and Italy do make. (*The crowd gathers eagerly about him.*) Why they do stand so far above the sea that they look like moated castles. They are so brightly colored that they seem o'er-grown with brilliant blossoms, but in between are dotted slits, like castle windows, from which cold Death looks black from out the mouths of guns. Nine thousand seamen man them and they bring nigh twenty thousand soldiers, all tried, and fully armed to fight when they do win our ports.

LORD HOWARD

But all their fine men are not such as England's seamen.

The sailors cheer at this

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Ah, what care we for Spanish strength? But this year our little fleet did singe the King's fine beard. (*Cheers*) England yet will win for herself a place upon the seas and in the New World.

A cannon shot is heard

THE FIRST MERCHANT

The Queen! Her barge approaches!

THE STEWARD

Resuming his pompous authority

All to your places! Haste!

The villagers make excited final preparations; the women anxiously rearrange their costumes and head dresses; the actors retire to await their cues. Under Lord Hunsdon's direction, the Gentlemen Pensioners and the noblemen form an aisle from the landing place to the throne.

The royal barge, displaying a banner which bears the red cross of St. George on a white ground, and propelled by two watermen in the Queen's livery, appears from the left and glides to the landing.

Two ladies-in-waiting, a page, Lord Leicester, and Sir Walter Raleigh accompany Queen Elizabeth. Queen Elizabeth is fifty-four years old at this time. She is of medium height, elegantly dressed; her face oblong, fair and somewhat wrinkled. Paint and powder, as well as the ravages of time, are visible upon her face. Her eyes are small, yet black and pleasant, her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow. She wears an elaborate wig dyed a light auburn to resemble her own hair in her youth. Lord Leicester, Earl of Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's favorite, is a remarkably handsome man, tall of stature, and dignified in bearing. Sir Walter Raleigh is tall and well built, with thick dark hair and beard, a high forehead, a long face with an expression full of life.

When the barge stops at the landing, Lord Leicester and Sir Walter Raleigh very ceremoniously assist the Queen to the quay. The Usher of the Black Rod advances to meet her, pages carry a canopy above her, and the two ladies-in-waiting carry her train. The crowd cheers in wild enthusiasm. After a few moments vain endeavor, the Steward silences them, and the song is sung with lusty rather than harmonious voices.

God save Britannia's queen;
 God save her majesty
 Bless e'en the earth beneath her feet;
 Bless this her isle, her royal seat;
 Let all who hear her name repeat,
 God save her majesty.

God save Britannia's queen;
 God save her majesty.
 This thronéd isle, this home of kings,
 This land where laughter ever rings,
 Where every Echo loudly sings,
 God save her majesty.

God save Britannia's queen;
 God save her majesty.
 Let every loyal British son,
 Support the right 'till life is done.
 "Dieu et mon droit"—the victory on;
 God save her majesty.

At the close of the song, Queen Elizabeth, having reached the throne, seats herself and smiles graciously.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

I thank you, my good people.

Twenty of the villagers, with their wives and several of the sailors, advance and perform a country dance. The Courtiers applaud and the Queen smiles her approval.

The Chief Steward approaches the throne, kneels, and rises as the Queen extends her hand to him.

THE STEWARD

Again we pray thy patience, gracious Lady, an thou wilt be pleased to attend upon our tragedy which the tradesmen of our village will present.

The Queen nods in assent, and he proceeds to read the prolog from his scroll.

THE STEWARD, AS PROLOG

Dear Queen:

That you should better understand our play,
 We tell you that we come without much skill
 As simple players gay, to show our poor array,

If we offend it is with our good will.
 A player, Shakespeare, wrote this tragedy
 And gave it us that we might please your Majesty.
 But he had made the tale too gentle far,
 And we would have it sad as such things truly are,
 So we did fill the scenes with sorrow deep and black
 Of tears and dreadful happenings we would not have our
 audience lack.

It pleaseth us, this tragedy, as now 'tis done;
 We hope to please you all, displease not one.
 Our players are at hand and by their might,
 They'll make all clear to you and set you right.

The Steward summons the players and arranges them in a row.

SHAKESPEARE

Speaking to himself

What can these bungling fools have changed? The Queen will think me but a scribbling knave.

The Steward, now having his players ready, resumes his reading.

THE STEWARD, AS PROLOG

First, to you I now present this man
 Pyramus, the lover bold, who plays the part
 Of him who loves—and dies—as no man can.

Pyramus bows

And this fair lady, Thisbe, I present to you
 Who also dies of grief and heart so true.

Thisbe bows

Now in our tragedy we needs must have a wall
 With chink through which fond lovers do beguile
 Their weary time, and so we needs must call
 On Tommy Slats to act for us as wall the while.

Wall bows

This man with sunny eyes and smiling face,
 Presenteth moonshine, for these lovers thought no scorn
 To meet by night and tell their love with grace.

Moonshine bows

And last I do present this man as lion,
For by such beast was Thisbe scared, and dropped
Her mantle fine, and only 'scaped in nick of time.

Lion bows

Anon comes Pyramus, and finds the mantle sopped
In Thisbe's blood. He draws his blade and dies.
Sweet Thisbe comes to meet her lover bold,
And finds his bloody body dead and cold.
For all the rest, if you but give us ear,
We'll tell to you and hope to make all clear.

*Exit left, The Steward as Prolog, Pyramus, Thisbe,
Lion, and Moonshine. Wall takes position. Enter Pyramus.*

PYRAMUS

As I am Pyramus, of Thisbe much beloved,
So I would meet with her; but Oh! alack!
This cruel wall will not be moved;
The sight of my dear Thisbe thus I lack.
You wall, you sweet and lovely wall,
That keeps her voice far from my sight,
(Although in truth it is no wall at all
As I am William Nack; Pyramus for tonight)
This wall shall hear how I do mourn.

Moans

For now am I of Thisbe much forlorn.

Enter Thisbe, left

Oh! Wall, but show a chink that I may see

The wall shows chink

Footsteps which seem my love to be.

THISBE

And now 'tis night
Dark night which shines so black;
As lovers seem
When they each other lack.
Oh wall so high,
Oh! pray inform me straight
My lover's here?
Oh has he, too, been late?

*Pyramus on one side of the wall and Thisbe on the other,
talk thru the chink.*

PYRAMUS

Looks thru chink

Oh now mine ears do see
My true love doth approach
Now wall, wert thou away,
Her cherry hand I'd touch.

THISBE

Oh Pyramus!
I hear thy gentle face.
Oh nothing can
My love for thee erase.

PYRAMUS

As true as truest lover can
I waited here for thee,
My heart was bounding as I ran
To keep my tryst with thee.
Wilt then with me now fly
Where ninny's—

THE PROLOG

Ninus, not ninny, man!

PYRAMUS

Where Ninus' tomb doth lie?

THISBE

Oh, Pyramus,
I'll do as thou dost say!
By Ninny's tomb
I'll be without delay.

Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe

THE WALL

And now since they another place have found,
I'll go my way, and now the wall is down.

Exit Wall, left

SHAKESPEARE

How like children these rude swains do play at make believe.

Enter the Moon

THE MOON

As now shed my sunny beams,
That shine about so bright,
You all can see how it doth seem
I am the moon of this dark night.

Enter Thisbe

THISBE

At Ninny's tomb I meet my love.
Where is my love?

The Lion enters and roars, Thisbe drops her mantle and runs off. The Lion claws the mantle, and then goes off roaring. Enter Pyramus.

PYRAMUS

At last, sweet Moon, by thy true golden light,
This beauteous eve I come with heart so gay
And trust to take of truest Thisbe's sight,
Shine on, O moon, that we may not delay.

But what is here!
Go, Go! Oh fear!
What evil do I see!
Thy veil all tore,
What, red with gore!
Oh darling, can it be?
O duck, art dead?
Come sword, my head
Must from this body fall.

He cuts off his head

Now, I'm in two,
My soul's with you,
It's answered to your call,
And thus I fall, I fall, I fall.

He lies down. Enter Thisbe

THISBE

My love's asleep?
 Wilt thou not peep?
 O Pyramus, arise!
 Speak, speak to me!
 Breathe, breathe, and see.
 Care not for our love ties?
 Dead, dead? Oh dear!
 Speak, speak and hear
 That Thisbe too will die.
 O Sisters three,
 Come, come to me,
 And make my life to fly,
 Thy dagger, dear,
 I do not fear;
 With it I'll stab me dead.

She stabs herself

Now do I die
 Without a sigh.
 Farewell, my soul is fled,
 Farewell, and I am dead!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

This is indeed a cruel tragedy; now both are dead.

PYRAMUS

Getting up

No, no, be not alarmed, most gracious Queen.
 We live to die another time, but not as yet.
 Thus our play is ended, and we hope you've seen
 Our tragedy with trusting eyes, and wet.
 If any credit, friends, you give to us,
 Remember me, for I did change the lines,
 And twisted them to suit myself, and thus
 From Shakespeare's play we got good rhymes.
 If we've offended you, we beg your grace,
 And now we go, dear Queen, let others take our place.

Exit Pyramus with Thisbe

QUEEN ELIZABETH

'Tis done with good intent; as such it pleaseth us. Is the author of the piece among you? If so, we would speak with him.

The Steward brings Shakespeare forward; both kneel before the throne, and rise when she bids them.

THE STEWARD

Most gracious Majesty, this be Master Shakespeare, a player of London, the author of our tragedy.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

To Steward

Tragedy, say you?

To Shakespeare

Methinks it a better comedy.

SHAKESPEARE

I' faith, my gracious Lady, 'tis not usual for lovers to die in a burst of laughter. As your Highness but now remarked, the tragedy I did intend did not appear. But as 'tis a mirthful tragedy, 'twould fit well in a comedy, which might perchance succeed on London's stage.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Well said. 'Tis long since we had seen one die so merrily.

Shakespeare takes his leave with a bow, and crosses left with several other gentlemen. He gives attention to their conversation but takes no part in it.

A trumpet note is heard off stage. The Usher of the Black Rod advances to the right entrance.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

What signal sounds?

The Usher of the Black Rod returns to the throne

THE USHER OF THE BLACK ROD

Señor Mendoza, Ambassador of his gracious Majesty, King Philip of Spain, wishes to take boat to his ship from this place.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Bring him hither.

The Usher escorts Mendoza to the throne. He bows very stiffly

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ironically

Are you come to welcome us to our own castle? Although we

have but late dismissed you, you still are welcome as an honored guest to our household.

SENOR MENDOZA

Your Majesty doth mistake me. I am but on my way to report your Grace's decision. But 'tis idle to lament my bootless errand to these shores. Experience, enow, has taught King Philip's envoys what they may expect. First, we're received, but made to feel denied; our message is rejected so coyly that it is scarcely not accepted; we ask the true decision and are dismissed abruptly from the court. When with the *No* we leave for Spain, we are but overtaken by a later messenger, all in hot haste, who brings an answer Egypt's Sphinx might send. (*Queen Elizabeth yawns and taps her lips with her closed fan. The Spaniard loses control of his temper.*) And all these years has good King Philip waited with too calm a patience. And then the brave Mary, hapless Queen of Scots, whom you but yesteryear—(*He chokes with emotion.*)

One of his attendants tries to quiet him. The Jester, who has been sitting on the grass, rises and hobbles about, rubbing his cramped limbs.

THE JESTER

Poor Mary? Nay, poor Davison!¹

During this dialog the sailors have been plotting with heads together. Occasionally they laugh and congratulate one another in pantomime. One is now pushed forward as a speaker.

THE SAILOR

An would ye know what we do think of Philip, but wait—we'll set his counterfeit before your view!

Exeunt sailors with rough laughter

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Our England hath no apprehension; she is safe!

The Spaniard, angered beyond control, retorts boldly and ironically.

SENOR MENDOZA

Safe? Have you forgotten, sirs, the fate of Antwerp, Ghent,

1. William Davison, secretary to Queen Elizabeth, was entrusted with the warrant for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. He was at this time in prison, charged with disobeying the Queen's instructions.

and Flanders? Think not that justice, lacking haste, lacks certainty. The doom that has been gathering for years stands now prepared; it waits but for my message. It sails in ships built mountain high, like Alp peaks piercing heaven's floor. But did not these affright you, the soldiers that they carry will dry your lips and blanch your cheeks to lily color. Numbers, great beyond belief, not as hordes, but under charge of wise and skillful men, veterans of an hundred wars! Such guns they carry as will leave nothing whole before them. To crush to dust thy puny navy, to avenge the breath sweet Mary draws no more, to make on England vast red and reeking vengeance—there is coming the Armada!

Amid tense silence the Spaniard turns and goes toward his boat. The courtiers, astonished at his threat, watch him in amazement. Drake, Howard, and others speak together indignantly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

To Shakespeare, ironically

Do you see the actor in yon strutting knave?

SHAKESPEARE

The situation is in truth, very like the fabric of a play.

LORD HOWARD

To Drake and the others

Methinks our ships are not enough, or of a size to oppose such enemies. But England's spirit doth not wait for weapons.

Queen Elizabeth interrupts and prevents further discussion

QUEEN ELIZABETH

A battle's oft half won by boasts, but we are not yet conquered. Such trifles well can wait. Let us a-hawking go. My Lord of Leicester—

LORD LEICESTER

Dear Madam, if hawking be your pleasure; but were it not better—

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Vexed

My Lord of Leicester, think you we know not our own minds? You are ever ready to suggest other than we—

Lord Leicester has turned his head to speak to Lord Howard, not realizing that the Queen is still addressing him. Queen Elizabeth rises slightly from her throne and strikes his ear with her fan. He turns quickly, hand on sword, not knowing who has struck him, but the gentlemen standing near step forward to prevent him from drawing his weapon.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Laughing merrily

My horse, Lord Leicester. My horse!

A white charger is brought, the Queen mounts, and the Steward arranges the townspeople in a procession to follow her. The sailors rush in boisterously. One of their number wears a donkey's head inscribed "Philip of Spain." Shouts of laughter greet their jest, and the crowd follows the Queen singing.

God save Britannia's queen,
God save her majesty,
Let every loyal British son
Support the right till life is done,
God and the right, the victory won,
God save her majesty.

The Interlude

THE ASTROLOGER

Once more, ye gentles all, give heed; for know
Ye well that spite of the Armada's pride
The realm of Shakespeare and of good Queen Bess
Was not o'ercome. From vale and hill the voice
Of Freedom sounded: "Britons, strong and firm,
Your children yet unborn cry out to you—
Make good your answer!" England heard and at
The call she to the center shook as shakes
A youthful giant wakened by the sound
Of some approaching foe. Her sons arose
And met the foe in deadly combat—fought
And won; for nature's elements combined
To crush the enemy. The stars, which in
Their courses fought against the Spanish might
Rejoiced to see the land of England saved.

THE CHORUS OF STARS

Yes, England's spirit won that day
And set the land forever free;
And that same spirit found its way
To waiting lands beyond the sea!

THE ASTROLOGER

Full twenty years have slipped away and now
Behold a fair at Gravesend on the Thames,
A rustic May-fair, where the folk enjoy
The day in merrymaking. Ballad-mongers
Are singing ballads; pedlers, alchemists,
Each one according to the custom of
His kind, are jostling one another, while
Still others lend their ears to daring tales
Of explorations o'er the Spanish seas,
As told by sailors late returned from lands
Beyond the stormy main. Here see again
Our Shakespeare, master now, still busy at
His art. Right deftly he doth sieze upon
Those tales so bold, and from them doth conceive
The plot of that immortal play "The Tempest."
The crowning work of his maturer years.

THE CHORUS OF STARS

O gentle bard who dreamed that dream,
We hail thee, prince of poets rare;
Still o'er the years thy light doth gleam
To glad our hearts with visions fair.

The Second Part

The scene is Gravesend, a little Kentish village on the Thames, twenty miles from London, where ships from foreign lands discharge their cargoes, and where, in Elizabethan times, visitors from abroad were formally welcomed by the London Corporation. Some twenty years have elapsed since the coming of the Armada, and the scene represents the full fruition of English national life.

It is mid-afternoon of a warm May day. The great trees cast long shadows over the deserted green where rustic benches invite to rest and coolness. In another part of the village, a May fair is in progress and at intervals the shouts of the merry-makers break the stillness.

As the action begins, a chorus of men's voices is heard singing:

"It was a lover and his lass
With a hey, and a ho, and hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring."²

A group of townsmen bearing a Maypole enter. They are accompanied by Much, the clown, who carries a pole with an inflated bladder at one end with which he taps the heads of the unwary, Peter Barker fantastically made up to represent a dragon, and Will Spencer, a tall slender youth who is playing a lute. They continue to sing until they halt at the center of the stage.

THE FIRST TOWNSMAN

Marry, friends, a goodlier spot than this 'twere hard to find.

THE SECOND TOWNSMAN

And it please the Mayor, 'twere meet that here we end our merry-making. Come, let us to work!

They busy themselves at setting up the Maypole. It is a tall pole, painted in bright colors, and wound with many colored ribbons and flowers of every hue. The workers are hindered by

2. From "As You Like It," Act V., Scene III.

Note:—All quotations except those specially noted are taken from "The Tempest."

Much and Peter Barker, who annoy them with their clownish tricks.

THE FIRST TOWNSMAN

Hey, you witless fools, save your antics for a greater audience, and lend a hand to set this pole aright.

An old man who has sauntered in, now comments reminiscently:

THE OLD MAN

How much this minds me of that feast day in November when the Invincible Armada had cast away her name, and the Queen's Majesty herself entered into London in triumph. Those were great days in London; ay, in all England.

WILL SPENCER

Excitedly

Ay, those were great days, but these, in truth are greater still, with the merry-makings at court, the banquets and the balls. And, thanks to good Queen Bess, on the Bankside are many theaters where plays are enacted, and all London is merry over the plays of Master Shakespeare. Oh! to be in London now!

THE OLD MAN

Reprovingly

And you would do well to glad your heart with these our merry-makings, nor trouble your mind with London. 'Tis ever so. Youth hath ever the roving foot. But look you, Master Shakespeare is himself today in Gravesend. Mayhap he pines for rustic revelry.

WILL SPENCER

Excitedly starting forward

What! Master Shakespeare here? An I can find him, I can perchance to London!

As he rushes from the stage right the shouts of the merry-makers are heard.

THE FIRST TOWNSMAN

Holla! Holla! They come! They come!

Much, the Clown, runs forward and peers around the gateway, lifting one foot so high that he falls to the ground. He springs up just in time to avoid being run over.

In a motley array with the mayor leading, the procession enters from the left. Some are marching in rank and file in

attempted military precision, some are pushing and jostling, some are enthusiastically crying their wares, and all seem bent on making as much noise as possible. The mayor is mounted on his footcloth horse, and is attended by his minstrels, Piretto Cheverette, who plays the bagpipes, and Ferrex who plays the pipe and tabor. Following in a dignified manner are six woodsmen dressed in leather garments and carrying axes. Next come six milkmaids with pails and stools, leading a fine sleek cow, with gilded horns, decorated with ribbons and flowers. They are closely followed by the same number of foresters in russet doublets and hose of Lincoln green, with horns at their sides. Robin Hood is next with his favorite attendants, Little John, Will Stukely and Friar Tuck, clad also in green, escorting dainty Maid Marian and her five ladies-in-waiting.

Surging in, on both sides, between these groups are a multitude of characters common at all such gatherings. Chief among them are John Graham, the Puritan, dressed in broad-brimmed hat and snowy kerchief, Jack-in-the-Green, a tall man with head and shoulders concealed in a large triangular box brightly trimmed with herbs, flowers and flags, and a juggler, who performs balancing and sleight-of-hand tricks on his way. Three chimney sweeps, with their dusty coats brightened by holiday ribbons gather about a man carrying a puppet show while not far off an alchemist, wan and pale, carries with care his precious liquids and metals. Peter Bloff, the peddler, incessantly crying his wares, tries to drown the voice of the monger, who is proclaiming the latest ballad.

Three gypsies carry their tent, stopping occasionally to beg from the pastry cooks whose delicacies on trays suspended from their shoulders are most temptingly displayed, or, when opportunity presents itself, to steal fruit from a vender whose attention is distracted. A bedlam beggar, an object of pity, with face begrimed, hair elved in knots, and head crowned with hawthorne leaves, begs an alms from each passerby.³ There is also a tapster, stout and jolly, bearing many tankards, followed by three apprentices who are hauling in a huge cask of ale. They hoist it upon a stand, and the tapster proceeds to serve all who come near. In the background, an old witch, who is really Widow Goodman in effective disguise, is terrorizing the children with her uncanny appearance and evil eye. Last of all, Gregory,

3. This character was suggested by Shakespeare's conception in "King Lear," and the lines he speaks are quoted from the play.

the Hobbyhorse, a short man with a cardboard horse attached at his waist, trots in, neighing ludicrously.

Mingled among these characters are many townspeople, and farmers with their families, all in festive attire. The men saunter about smoking long Winchester pipes, the women talk happily together, while the children run about throwing squibs and firecrackers at the feet of the unsuspecting revellers.

When the Mayor reaches the Maypole, he wheels his horse, and halts the procession.

THE MAYOR

Fellow townsmen, merry-makers all, let us to the conclusion of our festivities on this so blithe a green.

The villagers cheer loudly. The Mayor dismounts and an attendant leads his horse away. Many of the people come forward and throw tributes of flowers at the base of the Maypole.

Peter Bloff, at left front, begins to sing, attracting the attention of a group of girls who admire his laces. He concludes the song before answering their numerous questions.

PETER BLOFF

"Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the newest, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a!"⁴

When not bargaining with customers, he sings snatches of this song thruout the entire scene.

OTHER VENDERS

"What do you lack? What is't you buy?
What do you lack? Come buy! Come buy!
Gloves! masks! a necklace for your lady fair!
Come lad! Come buy!"⁵

The Hobby horse at right front stage, amuses a group by

4. From "The Winter's Tale," Act IV., Scene IV.

5. These, and the peddler's cries that follow are taken from Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," Act. IV.

frisking about imitating the galloping, curveting, ambling, trotting, and other paces of the horse.

The minstrels now play the lively tune of an old folk song, "*A Farmer He Lived in a North Countrie,*" and the crowd sings the words while the foresters and the milk maids dance a simple but effective dance about the May pole.

During the dance, from the left, proudly escorted by the village youth, Shakespeare enters. He is "a handsome, well-shaped man, delicate rather than robust," and dressed after the fashion of the time. His beard is auburn, silvered a little here and there, and hair of the same rich color falls profusely about his ears. The bald crown, which is seen as he lifts his hat, accentuates the rather massive forehead. The charm of his face lies in the genial smile, and in the ingenuous sincerity of expression, revealing a "nature free and open, a temper plastic and well-balanced." His eyes twinkle sympathetically as he looks about him, while his "smooth and ready wit"⁶ flows freely.

With Shakespeare, in close conversation, is Ben Johnson. His heavily built frame, inclined toward stoutness, is in striking contrast to Shakespeare's more delicate mould. His broad shoulders and sinewy arms suggest a laborer rather than an actor. His large head is thatched with an unkempt mass of grizzled curls. The forehead is broad and high, and the features rugged almost to coarseness. The firm lines of the chin, partially concealed by the bristling beard, express definiteness of purpose, while the keen eyes look out upon the world half humorously, half satirically.

The three advance to the side of the mayor, who stands near the center of the stage.

WILL SPENCER

Worthy Mayor, to our humble revels, two honored guests I bring, Master William Shakespeare and Master Ben Jonson, for whom I entreat your welcome.

THE MAYOR

Beaming

And freely is it given, Youth. Welcome, Master Shakespeare! Well we know you, the friend of common folk no less than a king's favorite. Welcome, Master Jonson! For thine own worth first,

6. The quoted portions of this paragraph are from Walter Raleigh's "Shakespeare," New York, 1907, page 1.

and then again as friend of Master Shakespeare. Thrice welcome, both!

In obedience to a sign from the mayor, ale is brought. They stand talking, while the youth wanders off to join in the festivities.

At the conclusion of the May dance, soft music is heard from the gypsy tent, which has been put up at the left, nearly half-way back. A dark-eyed gypsy girl, clad in many colors, appears and performs a weird and graceful dance, characteristic of her race.

Meanwhile, the puppet master, whose booth stands at left front, calls attention to the performance he is about to present.

THE PUPPET MASTER

Tuppence apiece, sirs! See the lovely Hero! Merry-makers all, watch our civil company! See how passing well the young Leander his part doth play! The touching history of Hero and Leander! Come one, come all! Tuppence apiece, sirs,—

TOM OF BEDLAM

Starting up

"Away! The foul fiend follows me!"

A small group gathers about the puppet show. Others watch in awestruck silence the work of the alchemist. At right front, he stands in a dark, vapor-filled booth, in which three colored lights glow, a green one to the left, a red one to the right, and a blue one in the center. Dimly outlined in the mist is seen a large retort and a stuffed alligator, and moving about in the murk, the alchemist himself, a tall, slender man, very handsome in his skull cap, silky white beard, and flowing black gown. Before him on a rough counter is a row of bottles filled with the "Elixir of Life," and a few bars of alchemists' gold, which are for sale. When he is not making a sale, he is methodically grinding, pouring and mixing drugs while he mutters mystic incantations.

TOM OF BEDLAM

Before the booth

"Poor Tom's a'cold! Poor Tom!"

SHAKESPEARE

Poor wretch! What wilt thou do when winter comes?

*The Hobby horse trots up
To Jonson, jocosely*

And look you, Master Jonson, here is a character for you!
Pray, put him in your latest drama.

JONSON

Faith, and that I would but that my heart misgives me. No
coney-catcher he! I would not then condemn him to live through
time eternal. But come, good Mayor, it seems the revels drumble.
'Twere fit you should some rustic dance contrive.

THE MAYOR

To the Dragon and the Hobby-horse, who have been cutting capers

Get thee hence, monsters! Now shall we see bold Robin Hood
and his men "foot it featly" in the artful Morris dance.

ROBIN HOOD

What, ho! My merry men! Hither, Little John, Will
Stukely, and all you gallant lads! Take each his place.

*The pipers play and the dance begins. The older folk
stand by to watch, but the children swarm about the pastry cooks
who have been crying their wares thruout the scene.*

A PASTRY COOK

"Buy any ginger bread, gilt ginger bread?"

A FRUIT VENDOR

"Buy any pears, pears, fine, very fine pears?"

A PASTRY COOK

"Muffins, crumpets, peelets, tea-cakes! Sally Lum or Coburg!"

*Sung in sing-song manner, on two notes
The Morris dance being finished, the crowd applauds enthusiastically*

THE MAYOR

Well done, lads and lasses! (*To Shakespeare and Jonson*)
What think you, sirs, of this our Passy Measure? I doubt me if it
sprightlier could be done!

*John Graham, the Puritan, lacking interest in the dance,
has been observing the witch as she chases the children. He
accosts the mayor.*

JOHN GRAHAM

'Tis feared that yonder woman may harm our children with her evil eye. She seems in truth a witch. Were it not best to cast her into the river? An she be a witch, she will float.

THE MAYOR

Fool! Know you not that yon witch is none but Widow Good-man hired to be our witch this day? Cease your idle prating.

Failing to impress the Mayor with his criticisms, Graham argues with a peddler of toys.

THE PEDDLER

"Rattles, drums, fiddles of the finest! Buy a hobby horse! Buy a mouse-trap! a mouse-trap!"

JOHN GRAHAM

Peace, thou profane publican. Thy hobby horse is an idol, a very idol, a fierce and rank idol.

TOM OF BEDLAM

"This is the foul fiend Flibbertygibbet!"

THE PEDDLER

"Cry you, merry sir! Will you buy a fiddle, sir?"

TOM OF BEDLAM

"The foul fiend haunts poor Tom!"

A COUNTRYMAN

Running frantically about, shrieking loudly

"O Lord, my purse is gone! My purse! My purse! My purse!"⁷

A commotion here occurs at the left. A townsman has become intoxicated.

THE TOWNSMAN

Raising his brimming tankard to the tapster, who smiles broadly

Good drawer of ale, here's to you and—the King—God save him!

7. From Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," Act IV.

Sings

"And let me the canakin clink, clink!
 And let me the canakin clink!
 A soldier's a man
 A life's but a span;
 Why, then, let a soldier drink!"⁸

As he reaches the end of his song, the constable, who has been making his way thru the crowd from the extreme right, seizes him by the collar.

THE CROWD

The stocks! The stocks!

The constable clamps the drunkard into the stocks. His good spirits do not desert him, however. He continues to sing drowsily, and at last dozes off.

THE CONSTABLE

Mopping his face

Some ale, I pray thee, good drawer!

He is served

"Here's my comfort!"

As he raises the glass to his lips, some small boys throw firecrackers at his feet and then dart away. He is so startled that he drops his tankard and runs off in pursuit of the boys.

Tom of Bedlam now squats on the grass, wailing with high pitched voice and staring eyes.

TOM OF BEDLAM

"Pillicock sat on Pillicock Hill:—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

He starts up

Take heed of the foul fiend—

Peace, thou fiend!"

A BALLAD-MONGER

'Tis a monstrous sweet ballad of Widow Dido I bring you,
 With a very sweet tune
 Which sometime I'll sing you.
 Oh, Widow Dido! Widow Dido!

8. From "Othello," Act II., Scene III.

A sailor, John Holdsworth, in oilskin cap and sea-stained clothes, now advances and sets up a staff bearing a deer skin roll fastened with a cord. He endeavors to attract the attention of the crowd.

JOHN HOLDSWORTH

Hark ye! hark ye! good people, all, while John Holdsworth, your own townsman, a wondrous tale of the new world doth tell.

The village youth rushes up to Shakespeare and Jonson, who, with the mayor, have been watching the alchemist mix his potions.

WILL SPENCER

Master Shakespeare, see you yonder sailor? He is even now about to relate a marvelous tale of the New World. Come at once! I doubt not you will find it of rare interest.

Shakespeare and Jonson follow the youth, the former smiling indulgently, the latter openly laughing with good-humored contempt.

JOHN HOLDSWORTH

On a bright June day, did our good ship come to anchor in the mouth of a broad river. By order of the captain, I, with divers others, to the number of eight, set forward to discover gold.

THE TAPSTER

Ay, fool's gold! Thou didst find it, too, I warrant!

JOHN HOLDSWORTH

Whist, friend! A civil tongue is a good servant, and an empty head a good place to keep it.

The country thereabout though desert, is yet exceeding fertile, with much good timber even of divers kinds, and strange wild plants with blossoms most prodigious. The mulberry trees with their load full low did bend and we did feast ourselves till we could eat no more. But being nighted there—— (*He leans forward, lowering his voice slightly, at which the crowd gathers closer and listens more intently.*) ——we knew us in a land bewitched. Scarcely were we upon our blankets couched 'ere we felt as though in a fiery shroud.

JONSON

A fiery shroud! What mean you by such foolery? Tell us but your simple story and rack it not.

JOHN HOLDSWORTH

And, by'r lady, I rack it not. A *demon* did the land control, as I'm a living man! Great plants we saw that did with uncanny jaws insects and small animals imprison.

SHAKESPEARE

With interest

And think you this was the work of evil spirits?

JOHN HOLDSWORTH

Ay, it was, else how explain it? And mark you, when we sought to gather wood to build our evening fire, angry hedgehogs in our path did lie and grievously did torment us.

SHAKESPEARE

And saw you naught of natives there?

JOHN HOLDSWORTH

Ay, that I did. In faith, I once had bite and sup with them, and to that happy chance I owe this greatest of my treasures. (*He pulls the cord and the deer skin falls to its full length, revealing the picture of a hideous monster.*) This is the great god Piasa, the mightiest god of the New World.⁹ While the Indians did lie asleep, I filched it from their tepee. An had any caught me, I had been done to death. (*The entire crowd is now giving attention, and Holdsworth seizes the opportunity to take up a collection. He passes the hat, into which sundry small coins are tossed. He continues talking.*) The great god Piasa! The demon of the New World! And you prove it a cheat, I'll give ye a tuppence!

TOM OF BEDLAM

Ay, they'd give a tuppence to see a "dead Indian," but ne'er a bit to a poor beggar for his clack-dish.

JONSON

To Shakespeare, aside

Master Shakespeare, there's a strange monster for you. Why not put him in one of your monstrous plays? You with your disre-

9. Piasa is the name given to a prehistoric rock painting formerly on the face of a bluff on the Mississippi river, near the present city of Alton, Illinois, and first discovered by Marquette in 1673.

gard for proprieties would find him a rare hero. Come, write us something new.

SHAKESPEARE

An excellent idea. In truth, one I should not look to you for, Ben. You spurn all else but the stuff of shops and streets; your imagery is clogged with books and rules.

JONSON

That is well, Master Will. Jeer at books and rules an you will. You write for the passing day; I, for all time. The difference is vast.

SHAKESPEARE

Musing

And what care I for that? The present joy is mine—to dream, to play, to do.

A song is heard from the river and the rioters stop to listen

"I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here will I die ashore."

THE CROWD

'Tis they! Home again from the Indies! Gates! Strachey! They come! They come!

A boat, bearing three men besides the oarsmen, Sir Thomas Gates, William Strachey, and John Oxenham, anchors at the quay. They step out and the mayor advances to meet them.

THE MAYOR

Welcome, fellow townsmen. Prospectors in an unknown world! In the name of the Corporation, I give you greeting! 'Tis a bright day that sees you again in Gravesend. You are ever welcome!

SIR THOMAS GATES

Ay, and bright it is, though yon cloud obscures the sun. 'Tis well, else the bright faces of our village maids might bewilder our sight. Merry, friends, there's no scent to my mind like this old home scent in all the spice islands I ever sailed by!

THE SECOND TOWNSMAN

And were you in truth to the Indies? And *are* such things as they do speak of?

SIR THOMAS GATES

The list of our voyage was Virginia, but at the bidding of the tempest were we driven far from our course. We ——

THE MAYOR

Interrupting

Whence then, are you come?

SIR THOMAS GATES

From a new world, sir, an isle of devils, fraught with unbelievable adventures, and peopled with inhuman shapes. There magic plays mad pranks with romance and riches know no limit. Verily, a place where age finds youth, and youth finds all enchantment.

Shakespeare and Jonson, who have been greeting Strachey, approach the group in time to hear this speech.

JONSON

Laughing

How, now! More monsters! More witchcraft! 'Twere well, Master Will, you miss no jot or tittle. The time is ripe for some new tale of sorcery.

SHAKESPEARE

Impatiently

An you could still your chatter, Ben, we might hear.

To Gates

Prithee, sir, tell us more. What of this isle bewitched? Saw you indeed such wonders?

SIR THOMAS GATES

Ay, and many more. Most marvelous things I could tell. But home awaits me; no longer would I keep me from its hearth. My valiant companions can speak as well as I. I pray you pardon me.

THE CROWD

Make way! Make way for Sir Thomas Gates!

Gates walks off, looking reminiscently about him. Strachey, Oxenham, and the others, who have been greeting friends in the crowd, now join the central group. A burly, grizzled man in sea-stained clothing, slaps Strachey on the back.

THE SAILOR

Heigh, my hearty, wilt have ale to cheer ye or a bit of the weed?

THE MAYOR

Pray you, be seated. Would it please you to discourse further of your adventures?

THE TAPSTER

Ay, "here is that which will give language to you."

Ale is served

JONSON

Lifting his glass

Here's to the enchanted land of which we would hear! And were I master there, I should have "my cellar in a rock by the sea-side," with sprites to serve celestial liquor!

They drink. Long Winchester pipes and tobacco are passed and the men smoke.

SHAKESPEARE

And now what of the storm, the tempest, which drove you from your course?

WILLIAM STRACHEY

"I had been in storms before, but all I had ever suffered gathered together might not hold comparison to this. We could not apprehend in our imaginations any possibilities of greater violence; yet was fury added to fury and one storme urging a second more outrageous than the former. It could not be said to raine, the waters like whole Rivers did flood the ayre. Our clamours drowned in the windes and the windes in thunder, the sea swelled above the clouds, and gave battell unto Heaven."¹⁰

THE FIRST TOWNSMAN

And the ship? How did she withstand this terrible onslaught?

WILLIAM STRACHEY

Ay, there was not a moment in which the sodaine, splitting or oversetting of the Shippe was not expected. When the gale arose, "we

10. All quoted lines used in describing the tempest are taken verbatim from Strachey's narrative "The Wreck and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates," which is generally supposed to have suggested to Shakespeare the idea of "The Tempest."

See Cairns, "Early American Writers," N. Y., 1910, page 19.

received a mighty leake. This leakage appeared as a wound given to men that were before dead. We almost drowned within, whilst we sat looking when to perish from above."

THE MAYOR

How came you then ashore?

WILLIAM STRACHEY

Reverently

By Providence divine. —

JOHN OXENHAM

Interrupting

Ay, Providence it may have been, but a spirit did guide us safe.

THE CROWD

Amazed

A spirit!

JOHN OXENHAM

Even so. "Upon the Thursday night" when the powers of Heaven seemed bent on our destruction, "Sir George Somers, being upon the watch, saw an apparition of a little round light like a faint Starre."

SHAKESPEARE

And this spirit did guide you?

JOHN OXENHAM

Ay, "it trembled with a sparkeling blaze, and shooting sometimes from Shroud to Shroud," did light us on our way.

SHAKESPEARE

Was it a spirit of the air?

JOHN OXENHAM

Of the air, or the sea, or the devil, we know not, but, by'r lakin, it served us miraculously.

THE OLD MAN

But of your island, man, of fabulous wealth, what of it? Have done with this meaningless chatter and tell us of what does, in faith, more interest us.

JOHN OXENHAM

Angrily

Mayhap, he should "carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple."

WILLIAM STRACHEY

Ay, or "sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands." But to the island, an you will. "Almost inaccessible" it is but of a "delicate temperance." The grass grew lush and lusty, and there was "everything advantageous to life"; an isle prodigious, "full of noises and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments will hum about the ears."

JOHN OXENHAM

But yet some drawbacks we found. At times we felt peculiar cramps, as some elf did pinch us, but we could see nothing. It seemed some master spirit did rule the island. And had we the magic to subdue it, we had been kings indeed.

THE TAPSTER

Ay, a servant spirit, that's to my liking.

SHAKESPEARE

Did naught but spirits this isle inhabit?

WILLIAM STRACHEY

"I saw such islanders, who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, their manners are more gentle-kind, than of our human generation you shall find many."

JOHN OXENHAM

Excitedly

Ay, but we did hear of men "whose heads stood in their breasts"; of men like fish, and fish like men, with finny arms, and hairy, scaly skins, whose limbs did not support them upright, but they did creep along the ground. Great claws they had for fingers with which they dug for food. They had voices like to human but with strange roarings in them, not earthly. A very hageseed, a race which none would own. Had I one such in England, 'twould make my fortune on a holiday.

THE TAPSTER

Ay, a servant monster, that's to my liking!

JONSON

An you don't weave a tale, Master Shakespeare, anon, I will myself attempt it, albeit "I am loth to make nature afraid in my plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries."¹¹

THE TAPSTER

Didst say you *saw* such monsters?

WILLIAM STRACHEY

Nay, we saw them not, but as I saw things strange and beyond belief, so could I almost credit what was told me. What think you of a fiendish dog, a wer-wolf, which in one day a thousand wild hogs did kill?¹² And, indeed, the people of the island, gentle though they be, were almost monsters in their likeness, as they did daub coloring on their bodies, and in glittering plumage did deck themselves, and ornaments of gold.

THE MAYOR

Excitedly

Gold! Say you gold!

A clap of thunder interrupts. The people gather more closely about the sailors, paying little attention to the coming storm.

JOHN OXENHAM

Ay, gold! There's more gold in the Bermoothes than would pave the streets of London. Why it grows there as plentifully as cherries in Kent. As I live, I saw it! A cave filled with gold, as I'm a Christian man. An you don't believe me, go and see. But we did bring with us some Indian natives of the isle (*he looks toward the dock*) who even now are coming.

There is a general craning of necks toward the approaching boat

WILLIAM STRACHEY

They are natives of the Indies, but of the West, not the East. The country there is rife with such. We brought with us two of these Indians, who, as you will see, do in stature greatly resemble white men. Further inland, no doubt, they become more distorted until their human semblance is quite destroyed.

11. From the Introduction to Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair."

12. This fiendish dog described in some verses entitled "News from Virginia With the Happy Arrival of Sir Thomas Gates, may have suggested to Shakespeare the dogs which he set upon Caliban, Trinculo and Stephano.

The boat pulls in to the dock. The Indians, escorted by the sailors, approach amid exclamations of wonder from the crowd.

SHAKESPEARE

To Jonson

What strange beings these are! Mark their coppery skin and hair that doth lie coarse and straight. And, methinks, the Indians see as strange a sight as do the English. Why is't, in faith, they show no wonder? One might think a Mayday festival were to them a boresome pastime.

JONSON

And so, perchance, it is. We wis not of what wild orgies these monster men are capable. (*To the Interpreter*) I have heard much of their strange dances. Let them show us their skill.

The Indians respond to their interpreter's request with grunts of approval, and dance for the crowd a native dance.

The Indians now notice the picture of the sailor's monster, which still stands at back of stage. They walk toward the picture, uttering strange, guttural sounds.

WILLIAM STRACHEY

To the Interpreter

What, pray, do they see in that prodigy to cause such strange behaviour?

THE INTERPRETER

After talking with Indians

Whence came that picture? The Indians recognize it as a picture of the Piasa. They say the original is painted upon a high cliff on the banks of a great river which flows through the forest. I, myself, have seen it in Indian camps. By some tribes it is —

His words are drowned by another crash of thunder. The wind begins to blow furiously. The revelers, collecting their property, hurry off. The sailor, Holdsworth, has some trouble in rolling up his picture, and is among the last to leave. Shakespeare stands watching him, as the Mayor, Strachey and Jonson move toward the right.

SHAKESPEARE

To himself

And so it is in truth a monster of the New World and no creation of a drunken sailor's mind.

He follows the sailor to the left exit

THE MAYOR

The storm is upon us! Come, gentlemen to the inn!

The men hurry off to the right, the Indians with them. All, even to Jonson, are too intent upon reaching shelter to notice Shakespeare, who remains under the tree, on the deserted green. He is pondering over what he has heard of the strange new land with its magic spells, its gentle spirits, and its uncouth monsters.

The sky has grown very dark. Amid flashes of lightning and rumble of thunder, a dance of earth spirits takes place. The dance concluded, they vanish in a terrific clap of thunder which rouses Shakespeare from his reverie.

SHAKESPEARE

Rapturously

The Tempest! What a storm for a ship wreck! An enchanted isle! Spirits! (*Ariel is seen for an instant and then vanishes.*)

Witchcraft! (*Sycorax appears and hobbles across the stage at the rear.*)

Monsters! (*Caliban crawls across the stage after Sycorax*)

Youth and romance! (*Ferdinand and Miranda trip blithely past.*)

And I, Prospero, the master of it all.

There is a lull in the storm. Night is coming on, but Shakespeare is still wrapped in his thoughts.

SHAKESPEARE

To weave, perforce from out these strands!

Come, spirits of my fancy! fetch my robe,

The which doth give me power, to this place.

Bestow it on my shoulders; that I may

Conceive for future time and divers folk

A triumph of mine art—The Tempest!

He sinks down upon a bench and falls into a reverie. The stage slowly darkens until nothing can be seen. The storm breaks anew with redoubled fury. The wind blows a gale, the lightning flashes, and the thunder roars. Above the tumult, the voices of the men on the ship are heard, as they struggle for their lives. The lines are taken from the opening scene of "The Tempest."

BOATSWAIN

"Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare; take in the topsail; Tend to the master's whistle; — Blow till thou burst, thou wind, if room enough!

ALONZO

"Where's the Master? . . .

BOATSWAIN

"Keep below! . . .

ANTONIO

"Where's the master? . . .

BOATSWAIN

"Hence! To cabin! Silence! Out of our way! Down with the top-mast! Yare! lower, lower; bring her to try with main course. (*Cries from within*) "Plague on this howling! Silence! Lay her ahold, ahold; set her two courses; off to sea, lay her off.

MARINERS

"All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

CONFUSED VOICES

"Mercy on us! We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother! We split, we split! God's will be done!"

Soft music is heard

The fury of the storm abates. The stage slowly lightens, revealing Scene II, The Island, before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Shakespeare, as Prospero, and Miranda

Then follow in abridged form the scenes from "The Tempest" in which Prospero, Miranda, Ferdinand, Caliban, Ariel, Stephano and Trinculo play the leading parts, the lines of all the other characters being omitted. The presentation of "The Tempest" closes with the following adaptation of Shakespeare's lines after the masque of Iris, Ceres, and Juno, which Prospero has devised to celebrate the "contract of true love" of Ferdinand and Miranda:

FERDINAND

"This is a most majestic vision.
May I be bold to think these spirits?

PROSPERO

"Spirits, which by mine art I
Have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND

"Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

PROSPERO

"You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep: (*Taking both their hands*
in his) I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.

MIRANDA

In ecstasy

"O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in't!"

With Miranda's closing words, the stage is darkened. Light returns gradually and Shakespeare is again revealed, seated on the rustic seat on the village green. He arouses himself and

walks to the center of the stage. Then to soft music he speaks the lines of the play, in which he gives over his art.

SHAKESPEARE

"Ye elves of rills, and brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
 by whose aid I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt:
 The strong-based promontory
 Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar; graves at my command,
 Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book."

He leaves the stage

The Epilog

The astrologer enters, attended by the Chorus of Stars, bearing a brazier with glowing coals, symbolic of the fires of poesy. Then all the characters of the masque enter.

THE CHORUS OF STARS

In remembrance, in remembrance,
 Let a hymn of gladness rise
 In remembrance, in remembrance,
 Come, we'll carol through the skies.
 Carol, till the heaving ocean
 Till the hills with joy abound
 Carol, till the forests echo,
 Till the teeming earth resounds.
 In remembrance, in remembrance,
 Let the ills of life relent
 In remembrance, in remembrance,
 Let the chafing heart repent.
 Patience — for the dawning morrow

With her cloak conceals the moon —
Patience — for the Muses borrow
Other spirits. Grant them room!

THE ASTROLOGER

His was a spirit that no time can chill
No tomb extinguish, and no envy kill.

A pause

I saw of late within these flames his face;
I saw and bowed as if before a seer.
I saw, and feared, and shook before his gaze
And shuddered at his gleaming, piercing eyes.
O eyes! alight, alive, aflame!

A pause

Yes, and methinks, if longing bears its fruit—
Some spirit's pulse shall answer Nature's lute —
Some tongue shall speak, some master hand yet write;
God may withhold but not destroy the light.

To The Chorus of Stars

Arise, arise, ye tenders of the fire!
Ye sacred spirits, living, burning brands —
And speed with peace across the surging deep,
Across the craggy mount, the glowing sand.
Speed, for the warriors cry, the wounded groan,
And drunken Mars quaffs heroes' blood and reels.
Speed, for the winds arise, the thunders swell,
The flickering flame that gleamed doth pale and wane.
Speed! for the lightnings play—the salt sea moans;
The moon grows ruddy and the earth grows cold.
Speed!

They leave the stage, singing as they go

In remembrance, in remembrance,
Let a hymn of gladness rise.
In remembrance, in remembrance,
Come, we'll carol through the skies.
Carol, till the heaving ocean,
Till the hills with joy abound
Carol, till the forests echo,
Till the teeming earth resounds.

The Bankside Theatre

The dedication of the Bankside Theater, in 1914, marked a new phase in the modern movement toward the Theater of Nature, which is rapidly coming into favor on the Continent and with us. The name "Bankside" was suggested by its location on the banks of a gentle stream which flows in graceful curves across our University Campus. It was also suggested by that region of old London where stood the theater of William Shakespeare. Our open-air theater is a distinct contribution to the history of the outdoor stage, being the first to utilize the natural curve of a stream as the foreground of the scene, between the stage and the amphitheater. The stage is approximately one hundred feet wide and forty feet deep. The illusion of the lovely natural setting, of the reflectinos in the quiet stream, either by day or by night, is truly wonderful. The stream is just eighteen feet in width here, and the acoustic properties contributed by the water add much to its effectiveness. Every seat in the amphitheater (which will accommodate conveniently an audience of three thousand) is adequate for both seeing and hearing perfectly.

We are indebted to Mr. Percy MacKaye, Mr. Percival Chubb, Mr. Frank Chouteau Brown, and others for valuable suggestions in planning a permanent architectural setting for our outdoor theater. We hope to begin the work of construction this summer. The plan provides for a colonnade of Greek columns on the crest of the bankside to frame picturesquely our Theater of Nature. It is our purpose to preserve and enhance its native charm, and, with this end in view, the grassy slope of the amphitheater will be retained, but the sod will be terraced, the only structural additions being radiating aisles in concrete to perfect the seating arrangements. More trees and shrubs will be planted to screen the stage and the approaches. Altogether the effect of the completed Bankside should be unique and beautiful.

F. H. K.

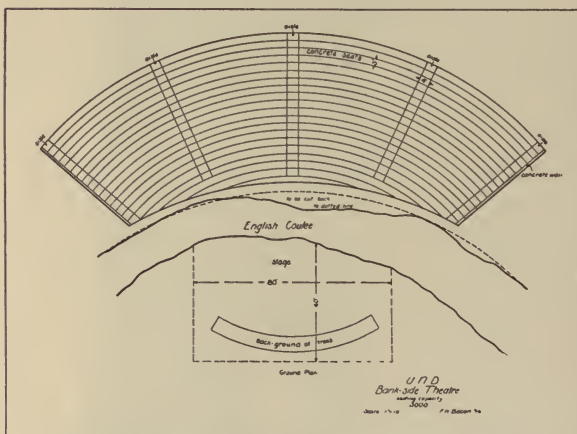


THE BANKSIDE THEATRE, UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA
A Scene in "A Pageant of the North-West"—the Initial
Performance, May 29, 1914

THE FIRST
OUT-DOOR STAGE



The First Out-of-door Stage at the University of North Dakota. "Twelfth Night," 1910



The Original Plan of the Bankside Theatre



THE BANKSIDE THEATRE, UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA
The Coburn Players in "As You Like It," the First Professional
Performance, June 6, 1914



FRANK LE ROND McVEY
President of the University of North Dakota

Univ. of
California



PROFESSOR FREDERICH H. KOCH
Founder and Director of the Sock and Buskin Society



A Scene from "Twelfth Night," given by the Sock and Buskin Society, 1910

Clown: Sir Toby, there you lie. Act II, Scene III.



A Scene from "Much Ado About Nothing," given by the Sock and Buskin Society, 1916

Benedict: I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it. Act II, Scene III.



A scene from "Much Ado About Nothing," given by the Sock and Buskin Society, 1916.
Beatrice: But then there was a star danced, and under that
I was born. Act II, Scene I.



A Scene from "Much Ado About Nothing," given by the Sock and Buskin Society, 1916

Dogberry: Flat burglary as ever was committed. Act IV, Scene II.



A Scene from "Much Ado About Nothing," given by the Sock and Buskin Society, 1916

Leonato: Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes. Act IV, Scene I.



Rehearsal of a Scene from "As You Like It," by the Sock and Buskin Society Players on the Stage of the "Little Play-House, 1916.



Rehearsal of a Scene from "Macbeth," by the Sock and Buskin Society Players on the Stage of the "Little Play-House," 1916



Rehearsal of a Scene from "As You Like It," by the Sock and Buskin Society Players on the Stage of the "Little Play-House," 1916

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DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
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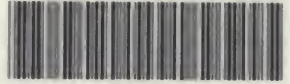
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